

Ill-Advised Policies Bring Downfall

Lack of 'Political Sense' Leads Wallace to Oblivion

By BAUKHAGE
News Analyst and Commentator.

WNU Service, 1616 Eye Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON. — Unless some strange shift in the tide of national affairs takes place between the time these lines are written and when they appear in print, the name that once bristled in the headlines, made the Paris peace conference shudder and completely confounded the Truman administration will be filed under "W" and forgotten by most people who aren't subscribers to the New Republic.



Baukhage

I refer to the name Henry Agard Wallace.

I have talked with a great many men who knew Wallace well. Most of them who liked him still like him. But many who supported him in the past follow him no longer.

One of them said to me:

"Henry Wallace has been drowned at last in a sea of ideas. He has gone down for the third time and there is nobody with a lifeline handy."

I think of two other men, one an experienced government official, a trained politician; another an ardent New Dealer who happens to be equipped with a mathematical mind sharp as a steel trap—each of these men followed Henry Wallace a long way. But each man at one point in his career suddenly stopped agnost at one of Wallace's self-created misadventures, shrugged his shoulders and regretfully turned away.

One of the first criticisms you hear from Wallace's political friends is that he has no political sense.

As head of the department of agriculture, Wallace, according to most disinterested observers, was a success as a policy-maker and an administrator. (Don't bring up the little pigs—he did that against every one of his natural predilections.)

As secretary of commerce he was a dismal failure.

Wallace did understand agriculture, agriculturalists (farmers) and agronomy. He believed that he had found the correct formula for solving the economic (business) ills of the country. But what he didn't realize was that he was handicapped by what is incorrectly called an "inferiority complex" when it comes to dealing with human beings who made the wheels of business go round. He had a strange and deep suspicion of the business world. Perhaps that wasn't so strange for it reflects the natural attitude of the farmer toward the "city slicker." Perhaps it was another phase of that "shyness" which characterized Wallace.

Let's look at this "shyness" business:

On one of several occasions, Wallace as secretary of commerce addressed a prominent group of conservative business men. His colleagues watched the event with considerable trepidation. They knew the group was unsympathetic to Wallace and that Wallace knew it. However, it provided an opportunity to create a friendly atmosphere, if nothing more, Wallace made a swell speech. His colleagues were agree-

ably surprised. His audience was almost captivated. In fact, as the speech went on, one after another of the listeners showed that Wallace's views were well received—were anything but inimical to business. Many of the ideas he advanced were accepted as sound, sane and sensible. So far—so good. Wallace reached the end of his prepared script and then, suddenly overcome with this strange defensive complex, this "shyness," said something to this effect: "Tonight I have probably wasted your time and mine, for I realize that you couldn't possibly agree with me nor I with you." The whole effect was ruined.

Intimates Admire Wallace's Integrity

Men who know Wallace best agree that he is absolutely honest, that he is unselfish, that he can be a very deep student of a subject which interests him, that he has a powerful ambition to be a leader of the forces that will preserve old-fashioned American free enterprise and competitive capitalistic endeavor. But he is willing to adopt strange methods to achieve this. (Remember the little pigs.)

In making clear to his friends that it was his ambition to be secretary of commerce he convinced them of his belief in five propositions. They were that:

1. He believes the capitalist system cannot survive another war.
2. He believes the capitalist system cannot survive another financial depression such as we went through in the early 30s.
3. He is convinced that the country is headed for another such depression.
4. He believes that this catastrophe can be avoided if certain simple measures are taken.
5. He believes that this end—the perpetuation of free enterprise—justifies almost any means.

As soon as Wallace became secretary of commerce he attempted to reorganize the department along lines which had made the department of agriculture so successful insofar as co-operation between government and farmers is concerned. One of the first steps was to try to establish a system of "field agents" (similar to agriculture's county agents). Good men were hard to find; it takes time to build such a system. The personnel recruited under such conditions and within so short a time would be bound to include many incompetents and thus open the system to immediate attack by an unfriendly congress. Nevertheless, Wallace pushed the idea as far as he could during his tenure of office. This, his critics say, showed his inability to perform in a field with which he was unfamiliar, showed his lack of "political sense" for, if you will, his failure to grasp the complexities of inter-personal relations.

Like many other men who have been thrust into high government offices without sufficient political experience, he attempted to absorb that experience vicariously. The very fact that he lacked an understanding of political and personal relations caused him to accept advisors and counselors who frequently led him astray. Perhaps if he had been less advised his conduct would have been less ill-advised.

Jealous Eye on Antarctica

Adm. Richard Byrd is about to take off again for Antarctica with a host of anxious nations worried to death lest he run away with the five million square miles of ice-capped rock which covers the south polar regions as the dew covers Dixie that different!

The foreign claims are legitimate enough, for daring explorers have been nibbling at that piece of frost-bitten plateau (bigger than Europe) ever since John Nisroe actually discovered what was given the name of Enderby land in the early nineteenth century. Many others followed, but few took the keen interest in the Antarctic waste that Admiral Byrd did, although he didn't turn in that direction until after he had flown over the North Pole.

Which reminds me of a dull Sunday, May 9, 1928. I was keeping watch in the Washington office of a feature syndicate which had the rights to Byrd's adventures. We knew he was going to boy off for the pole from Spitzbergen with Floyd Bennett soon, but we didn't know when.

Messenger boys had a habit of dropping important messages on the particular desk which I occupied and I hardly glanced up when one, still soggy, was tossed within my reach. I finished the last episode of the comic strip I was studying and opened the envelope. It contained one word, "polaris."

That was the code word that

North Pole and was back alive. On November 29, three years later, he flew over the South Pole. The flight was only a small part of extended explorations made on two separate expeditions.

Now Byrd is off again, with jealous competitors watching him with jealous concern. His expedition probably will be met with mixed emotions by the penguins who are the only human-looking inhabitants of Antarctica.



PARADISE FOR BIRDS... We can't count them but we are told that there are 1,263,000 goosy birds on Johnston Island, which played an important part in U. S. operations during the war in the Pacific. The birds take off en masse when an airplane lands or departs from the island, setting up an ear-splitting squawk.

NEWS REVIEW

Occupation Probe Killed; Disarmament Gets Boost

U. N.:

Move to Disarm

The war-weary old world seemed headed for substantial disarmament as Russia took the lead in the United Nations to force a reduction in militarization.

In the first U. N. step toward disarmament, members agreed to report on the strength of their armed forces at home and abroad by January 1. Originally, the Reds had asked that the report be confined to the number of Allied troops on foreign soil, but the U. S. and Britain were quick to call for count of forces at home as well.

Continuing to dominate the disarmament spotlight, Russia then proposed the creation of an international commission to supervise disarmament, reversing previous Soviet objections to such control. Favor for the proposal, however, was qualified by misapprehension over the Russian provision that such an international commission would be subject to the veto power of the security council.

ARMY:

Buck Occupation Quiz

Acting upon the urgings of Secretary of State Byrnes and Senators Vandenberg and Connally, his foreign policy advisers, the senate war investigating committee killed the projected inquiry into the conduct of U. S. occupation forces in Germany.

The Democratic majority acted even after George Meader, committee counsel, had sharply criticized the war and state departments for occupation irregularities following a



WELL-NAMED BABY... Topping the story of the Seattle man who had 17 Christian names, Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Henning of Denver baptised their baby Mary Ann Bernadette Helen Therese Juanita Olivia Alice Louise Harriet Lucille Henrietta Celeste Corolla Constance Cecille Margaret Rose Eugene Yvonne Florentine Lolita Grace Isabella Henning.

month long study of conditions in the Reich. There have been recurring reports of the disorderly conduct of U. S. troops, widespread black market activities of military and civilian personnel, and economic chaos occasioned by political differences among the major occupying powers.

With German civilians already looking askance at U. S. troops, military authorities have opposed an official inquiry for fear of losing further face in the Reich and among the other occupying nations. As the governing force in the American zone and the pivot of the western allies in Europe, the U. S. must command the respect of both the vanquished and Russia.

TEXAS:

Landlords Sit Down

No rental property owner herself but a Gold Star mother who lost a son over Germany, Mrs. Frank Morris of Dallas took over command of a landlords' sit down in Texas to abolish rent control and restore owners' rights to manage their own holdings.

As 3,000 dwelling units in Dallas remained empty because of landlords' refusal to let them and vets walked the city's streets in search of housing, Mrs. Morris termed rent control a violation of traditional American rights.

Two World War I vets were in the forefront of the landlords' movement. Aided with heart trouble resulting from German shell fire in 1918, Joe H. Blann held one five-room cottage and 18 flats vacant after OPA had obtained a \$289 judgment against him in a price squabble. Bemedaled Capt. John R. Lowery kept 63 apartments empty because he charged owners possessed no control over destructive tenants.

WORLD TRADE:

Draw Blueprint

Representatives of 18 countries—except Russia—have been meeting in London with the signal task of drawing up a blueprint for world trade to be considered at an international conference to take place in the fall of 1947.

As the delegates in London sweated over their labors, a recommendation for full employment emerged as one of the No. 1 accomplishments of the parity. Recognizing the inter-relationships of nations in economic affairs, the conference agreed that all countries are responsible not only to their own people but to all others to maintain purchasing power and a high demand for consumer goods.

Methods for working out this principle were left to individual countries. In cases where one nation was selling more to another and thereby developing an unfavorable trade balance, the creditor country was given discretion to determine what steps to take to even out the exchange.

Christmas In Many Lands

Early Christians did not celebrate the birthday of Christ. It was not until the fourth century that December 25 came to be accepted as the presumed anniversary of the great event. In that year Pope Gregory V set this day officially. His intention was partly to absorb the old pagan festival of the returning sun (the winter solstice on December 22) in a Christian feast. A number of pagan celebrations were overlapped in this manner during the first centuries of Christianity.

It is for this reason that the remnants of ancient rites and customs have become intermingled with genuine Christian practices and symbolism. The Yule rites of the Scandinavian, Germanic and British nations blended with the new Christian holy day in northern Europe. In Italy, France, Spain and other nations descended from Roman colonies, the rowdy festival spirit and customs of pagan Rome hung on to some extent, and merged with the observation of Christmas. In the main, however, the birth of Christ was a religious holiday—joyous, but restrained in mood, in the early centuries of the Christian era. Gradually, however, in the Middle Ages, the feast became more robust, as peasants and lords made merry in the baronial halls.

Nativity Plays. On the other hand, the Nativity plays were purely Christian in origin—having arisen spontaneously in many parts of Europe in the early Middle Ages. In one form or another they have been enacted all over the world, with additions and embellishments. There are puppet versions, elaborate pageants, music scores, all treating of the birth of Christ. In Spanish countries the "Posadas" is the name given to a combination procession and party with religious overtones, that covers the nine days preceding Christmas itself. The Polish Christmas play is an intermingling of the Nativity story with elements of Polish history and legend.

The Santa Claus tradition represents the combining of a number of widely differing relics of old superstition and beliefs. The northern Europeans in pre-Christian times believed in a spirit of woods and fields who had to be placated now and then, or he would ruin the harvests. This being was known in Norway as the "Nisse," and by various names in other Scandinavian countries. It is still a custom in rural regions for children to set out porridge and beer on Christmas eve to please the Nisse.

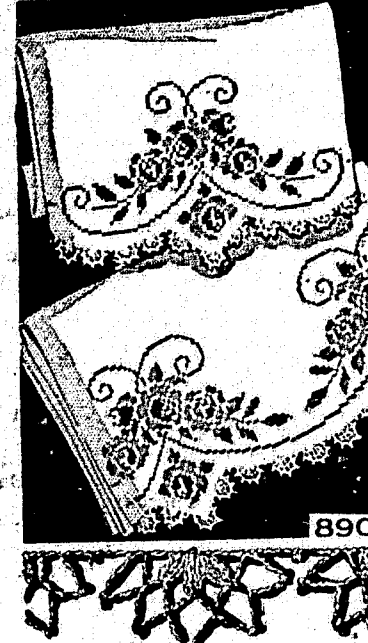
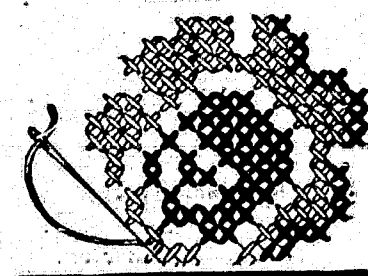
In Britain the character known as "Father Christmas" is supposed to be a Christian version of this ancient spirit of the fields. The Dutch Sinter Klass, or St. Nicholas, is still recognizable as the good bishop of Myra in Dutch plays, but he too is being absorbed in the more popular version of Santa Claus, the fat, red-coated little man with the big bag of presents. This idea of Santa Claus is a south German interpretation. In other parts of Germany the dispenser of gifts is "Dame Bertha." The custom of hanging up stockings comes from Italy.

Switzerland has developed the custom of parading from house to house and singing carols in a picturesque way. Costumes are remarkable. Young men and women wear headaddresses representing houses, ships, mountains, and so forth. Huge sleigh bells tinkle from their waists and shoulders. These Swiss carolers also have a peculiar dance used only on Christmas eve. In Switzerland, as in other southern European countries, the gifts are brought to good children, not by Santa Claus, but by the Christ Child, who comes from the North Pole in a fairy sleigh.

Members of the Orthodox Greek church, who cling to the old style calendar, celebrate Christ's birthday on January 6. Many people in Greece, Serbia, Romania and other Balkan states, as well as many Russians, belong to the Orthodox church. Their Christmas feast traditionally begins with a bowl of "kutya," which is a combination of wheat, honey, ground poppy seed and pecans. Mushroom soup, fruit, fish and nuts are also served. A small layer of hay is spread under the table cloth to show humility for Christ's birth in a stable.

So every country and every district often has its own special ways of keeping Christmas. The United States, being composed of people from everywhere, has received customs from every people, and has adopted those it liked, and altered them to fit the American style. So it has been with Santa Claus, the Christmas tree, holly and mistletoe, the Christmas plays and carols, the luscious menus—everything has been gladly taken over, with thanks to the many nations and peoples that have bequeathed them to us.

Cross Stitch Charm For Lovely Linens



YOU needn't envy your friend's lovely linens... for just see what the simple cross stitch can do! The crocheting is beginner-easy, too!

Pattern 890 has transfer of a 6 1/2 by 21, two 6 1/2 by 13 1/2, eight 2 1/4-inch motifs; crochet directions.

To obtain this pattern send 20 cents in coin to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, Enclose 20 cents for pattern. Name _____ Address _____

32-Pound Trout

The largest rainbow trout ever caught by an angler was taken from Pond Oreille Lake in Idaho on July 15, 1948. The official record of its weight is 32.5 pounds, or 13 times that of the average-sized rainbow.

SOLDIER OF ALL TRADES

The Army Ground Forces man is versatile. He can go anywhere, in every conceivable type of conveyance, doing any one of over 200 jobs. His versatility is vital to us all, for in his hands lies the power for peace.

The Ground Forces soldier is a man of action. He walks, drives tanks, rides on ships and speedboats, skis, clambers up challenging mountain peaks, drops through clouds from high-flying aircraft.

Everywhere he's surrounded by the safest and most up-to-date equipment technical skill can devise. Because he is in good hands, the American people are in good hands. Because he has volunteered for this stimulating career, he will be happier and the prestige of his job will stand out around the world.

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE



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Mark Darrell, young American lumberman, is boss of a lumber camp near St. Victor, Canada. Nat Page is his assistant. Madame Madeleine Kinross, a young widow who owns the timberland, is trying to persuade Mark to cancel his lease. Her lawyer, Horace Broussac, makes Mark several cash offers to get out, the last a sum of \$15,000. Broussac tells Mark that he intends to marry Madame Kinross. Mark, who has fallen in love with her himself, determines to stay. Later he goes to Madeleine, and finds her arguing with Broussac, who has asked her to marry him. Mark interrupts the stormy conversation and Broussac leaves, hurling threats at Mark. Madeleine and Mark talk of love.

CHAPTER VI

These three say that my husband was lost in the fog when he was on the ice-doe, killing the seals. They say he drifted away. But they whisper and mutter together. There is something that they have not told me. I know that he is alive, being cared for somewhere, and that some day he will return. And meanwhile it is my duty to take care of the seigniority.

"And Broussac?" asked Mark. "He is a distant relative of my husband's. I trusted him. Now he demands that I shall marry him. I do not love him; and anyway, how could I marry him when my husband is alive?"

She came closer to Mark; he put his hands upon her shoulders and she swayed toward him.

"I never loved the seignior. I married him half-an-hour before the fleet sailed for the sealing-grounds, to protect the little property that my father had left. He was the lighthouse-keeper then. I never loved the seignior, but he was an homme galant. There was not a girl within fifty miles of St. Victor but was in love with him. He was the sort of man a woman loves, Monsieur Darrell, because he was so rash, heedless, careless, as if the things of the world were all his toy.

"He had begged me to marry him since I was thirteen years old. I did not love him, but I was fascinated by him. And, if I married him, my father's little property would remain secure.

"Father Lacombe married us half-an-hour before the sealing fleet sailed for Newfoundland, and I have not seen him since. They say he died. If he had died, I should feel it here." She struck her breast again.

"My cousin Horace Broussac managed the estate. He lost a great deal of money—I do not know how—and he was forced to make you a lease of the mill and those three thousand acres. Later, he made some money for me in the market. And so I want you to go, because I must protect the seigniority of my husband. Will you go?"

"Madame, you have signed a lease with me. Your request is not fair to me, or my backers."

"But Horace wants to marry me." She was speaking like a frightened child. "He told me that I must marry him, and that the seigniority must be intact. How can I marry him when my husband is still alive? I was a child when I married him, to save my father's property. I am afraid of him. I am afraid of his return. But he is my husband, and he is still alive."

"I am afraid of him. I am afraid of his return. But he is my husband, and he is still alive."

Madeleine Admits Her Love for Mark

"They know it, those old men. That is why they mutter. That is why old Andre hates you so. They know something that they have not told me—Andre, and Alphonse Vitard, and Hector Mackintosh, who sailed on the same boat with him. Yes, and Monsieur Lacombe, the cure, knows it too. They know that my husband is not dead. And Horace Broussac demands that I marry him."

Mark drew Madeleine into his arms, but only as he might have caressed a frightened child. "I love you," he said simply. He saw her big gray eyes looking at him in terror and fascination. He knew this woman was his for the taking.

"Darling, your husband is not alive," he said. "You have lived in a dream about him. And that marriage was never a marriage. You were a child then. That marriage has cursed your life, and it was no marriage."

"Oh yes, it was a marriage," she answered. "I am the wife of the seignior of St. Victor." A little proudly. "You don't know what a man he is. He can bend any woman to his will. There is not a man in St. Victor who would dare to cross him. He can tear a pack of cards in two with his fingers. And he is just a child who has never grown up. Do you not see that it is my duty to protect his seigniority for him? Because he is not dead, and he is coming back."

She swayed in Mark's arms, and then suddenly she gave her lips to his. "Yes, I love you," she said. "I loved you from the first. You knew that, didn't you? And I am a married woman, and I must tell Father Lacombe that I have aimed in loving you. And he tells me that the seignior is dead, when I know he is not dead."

"Madeleine," said Mark, "Madeleine, darling, your husband died on the ice-doe five years ago. If he had lived, he would return."

"Madeleine, darling, your husband died on the ice-doe five years ago. If he had lived, he would return."

The Sweeping Tides by H. M. EGBERT

W. N. U. SERVICE



"He will return!" cried the girl desperately. "Monsieur, will you protect me against Horace Broussac? Will you save me from him?" "I will," said Mark. "I cannot marry. I am not free to marry, neither Horace nor you. But we are no longer enemies. And I care no longer what Horace Broussac does with my lands—because whatever may happen, I love you!"

The last log of lumber had passed through the mill along the flume, and into the hold of the second of the waiting schooners. These had departed for Quebec. Soon there would be an additional ten thousand dollars to Mark's credit—not much, but enough to enable him to face the long period before the lumber would come whirling down the St. Victor again, and to make a few improvements on his lease.

Leaving Nat to take charge of the mill and the bookkeeping, he started to repair the corduroys over the swampy districts, and the drags along which the felled trees were drawn to the skids at the edge of the gorge. All day long the sounds of axe and hammer rang through the trees.

Mark had picked out one particular tract that he meant to log the



"I'd like to join you in the woods."

coming winter. It lay on high ground, well back from the river, near the natural bridge that connected the mainland with the light-house peninsula. Wide swaths would have to be cut in the underbrush to bring the fallen trees to the sawyer's camp beside the gorge, but the proceeds promised to be profitable. Broussac's efforts in the past had been decidedly unwoodsmenlike. He had been cutting timber here and there promiscuously, with the idea of a quick profit.

A Conference With The Parish Priest

Mark decided to take up his headquarters here. He had a shack built in the thick of a heavily timbered belt where the land rose to join the natural bridge. There, after his men had departed for their homes, he would spend the evening, thinking—always thinking of Madeleine.

"I cannot marry. I am not free to marry, neither Horace nor you," she had said to him. Was there anything to that idea of hers that the seignior had somehow survived, five years after he was reported drowned at sea?

He couldn't believe it—and yet it was a fixed and dominating idea in the girl's mind. Was there kissed him, told him she loved him, and that idea of hers stood between them, and probably would always stand.

She had told him that the reason why the three men hated him—Andre, Mackintosh and Vitard—was because they knew the seignior was alive. They resented his presence there. So did all St. Victor, as if it foresaw the love affair that was destined to spring from it.

In the night, brooding, Mark would see the one-two, one-two of the lighthouse flashes, and when the fog choked the Gulf, he would hear the steady, throbbing note of the lighthouse. Years seemed to have gone by since that night when Nat and he had been cast ashore in the storm. And Mark hadn't seen Madeleine again. He knew that she did not want to see him.

Then what of Broussac? What of his schemes to marry her? Madeleine had asked Mark to protect her against Broussac and he had promised to do so. How was it to be done?

Thinking the matter over, Mark came to the conclusion that the key to the situation lay in Father Lacombe. A parish priest knows everything. If the seignior was really alive, Father Lacombe would know. And he would know exactly what had happened when the ice-doe, carrying Kinross, was detached from the main icefield, and carried him away into the fog.

With this idea in mind, Mark fol-

lowed his men down to the flat terrain in the evening, and had supper with Nat Page at the mill, now again empty and silent.

Madame Gingras, the wife of the mill superintendent, served them, making quite a little fuss over Mark. Plump little Madame Gingras was a motherly soul, and liked to put forth her best efforts to please the young bachelor who had taken over the mill. Mark didn't dream that his romance with Madeleine was already the chief subject of conversation in the settlement.

Mark was a man to be filled up with beef stew and strawberry pie. But he wasn't one of St. Victor. He was an American who would presently be gone, leaving St. Victor to itself and its own secrets, and it was too bad about the seignior's wife. Nevertheless, Madame Gingras mothered the two men, beaming in approval when Mark praised her pastry.

"Not much for me to do here, Mark," said Nat Page, as they smoked their pipes together. "I'd like to join you up in the woods."

"I'm going to ask you to take charge of the corduroy gangs," said Mark. "They're apt to be a bit slipshod unless they've got an American working over them."

"Just as you say. We've certainly made a fine start. I think we're going to put it over, Mark."

"I know we are."

"I don't trust that Broussac, though. He's up to some more mischief. I can sense it, from the way people look at me, every time I go into St. Victor."

"I've wondered what his game is," said Mark. Of course he couldn't tell Nat about Madeleine. "I thought he had another lessee in the field, but now I think he simply wants to get us out of St. Victor."

"He'll have his work cut out," grinned Nat. "The men are eating out of our hands."

They talked a little longer, Mark had a look at the books, and then departed into town to see Father Lacombe.

The cure lived with an old housekeeper in the house next to the big stone church. He was sitting in his study beside the stove, reading, his soutane closely buttoned about him.

"And what can I do for you, Monsieur?" he asked.

"I've come to have a talk with you, Father."

"Father Lacombe Speaks Mysteriously"

The cure put his book away and scrutinized Mark thoughtfully. Mark was fully conscious of the slight feeling of antagonism between them, the result of their last meeting.

"I'm not a member of your church, but I thought perhaps you would have a private and confidential talk with me. I think it is desirable."

"My son," said the cure kindly, "everybody is a member of my church, even though he may not be aware of it. What is it that you wished to speak to me about?"

"I love the wife of the late seignior. I think she loves me, or might come to love me," said Mark frankly.

He could see that this was no news to Father Lacombe, who leaned forward, his finely chiseled face scrutinizing his visitor's.

"She thinks—you are aware of it, of course—she thinks that her husband, the late seignior, did not die on that ice-doe," said Mark. "I want to know the truth. At least, I want to know what you know."

Father Lacombe looked disturbed. "Monsieur Darrell! You do not belong to St. Victor. I have advised you to return your lease to Monsieur Broussac. You have no right—I say you have no right to question me about our own affairs."

"So the seignior didn't die?" asked Mark. "Where is he, then? Is it safe to make a mystery out of nothing?"

"I have not said that the seignior is alive. I do not propose to discuss the matter, Mr. Darrell. But I will say this much—Madame Kinross is not for you. Put her out of your mind. Forget this business."

"Pardon me if I am abrupt, Monsieur," the cure continued, rising and beginning to pace up and down the room. "If you understood what it means to be a parish priest, to have so many souls, human souls dependent upon me, to try to reconcile them with their consciences—"

"I think I can understand that," said Mark. "But the question I asked you is a simple one. I have gathered that something happened to the seignior. That he was perhaps rescued from the ice. That he is being cared for somewhere."

"Monsieur Darrell, I have told you that Madame Kinross is not for you. I have advised you to accept Monsieur Broussac's terms, and go. We are the habitants. We belong here. We try to live good lives, to make our peace with God. I will not answer your questions. I say simply that Madame Kinross is not for you. Now, Monsieur, draw your own conclusions!"

This old priest's face was aflame with anger. Mark bowed and left his cottage.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Santa Claus Provided With Variety of Toys Cowboy and Policemen Replace G.I. Uniforms

Toyland, 1946 style, is geared to reproduction of America's peacetime living, reproducing in purposeful miniature every phase of home-making, building and road construction, transportation, science, agriculture, fashion and art. Cowboys and policemen have staged a comeback as juvenile heroes and minia-



tures of military equipment are keyed to the armed forces' training programs. New toys have been tested by children for fun appeal, age interest and safety.

More than 100,000 different kinds of playthings with a retail value of 250 million dollars, a 35 per cent increase over 1945, are ready for Christmas distribution. The first lines of rubber and steel playthings in four years will bring back such deeply missed favorites as rubber balls, balloons and animals, wheel toys, electric trains, movable eyes and voices for dolls, steel construction sets, musical instruments, noisemakers and pop guns. Many new uses of plastic as well as a bumper crop of wood, cardboard and paper toys also will be represented in Santa's 1946 pack.

Special requests to Santa Claus will call for early shopping. Although volume in most lines is close to prewar levels, unprecedented demand is likely to create out-of-stock conditions in popular lines before Christmas eve. This will be due to the fact that in addition to pent-up demand for toys caused by wartime

manufacturing restrictions, five million extra children of toy age were added to the population during the war years (in comparison with the average of the preceding peacetime decades).



Czechoslovakia Cards Designed by Cripples

Christmas cards, produced by the American Relief for Czechoslovakia, were drawn by Ann Hakamova and Premek Blazicek, two of hundreds of Czechoslovak children who lost their arms or legs through the explosion of bombs, grenades or mines which the Nazis strewed throughout their country. These lots were trained by the Jeddicks Institute in Prague, and the cards, made by children without hands, would be remarkable for normal children even older than they are.

First Christmas

What sweeter music can we bring, Than a Carroll, for to sing, The birth of this our Heavenly King? Awake the Voice! Awake the String! Heart, Ear and Eye and everything Awake. . . .

The Darling of the world has come, And at it is, we find a room To welcome Him. The Nobler part Of all the house here, is the heart, Which we will give; and bequeath This Holle, and this Ivie Wreath, To do Him honour; who's our King, And Lord of all this rejoicing!

—Robert Herrick (1591-1634)

Make Christmas Happy By Making It a Safe One

The tree, the drying holly and mistletoe, lighted candles, defective log, all increase the danger of fire. The carefree spirit that characterizes Christmas slips into carelessness, swift catastrophe may overtake us, our loved ones and our possessions. There is no time of the year when it is so essential that extreme care be taken to insure that any possible danger of fire be avoided to make Christmas a happy one.

3 MINUTE FICTION INVITATION TO DEATH By Yale Roe

WNW Feature.
I had made a date with my former college roommate, Ted Lawson, for seven o'clock; a date for dinner, and for death.

As Ted lit a cigarette I first noticed how gray his hair had become. But it was 20 years since our graduation day when I had last seen him. The passing of time had changed us both but did not dull my memory of that day.

After the graduation exercises I had started looking for Ted. I had known him for a year but lately he seemed to be acting strangely. He was uneasy when with me and it was not long before I knew why.

Suddenly I caught a glimpse of his curly black hair in the crowd. Making my way towards Ted I saw Susan, my fiancée, with him. Susan and I were going to be married as soon as I found a job.

"Congratulations, Ted!" I clasped his hand.

"Thanks," he said quietly. "Same to you."

As I put my arm around Susan and leaned over to kiss her, she averted her head and stepped back. It was then that I sensed that something was wrong. Stunned, I heard



I ordered a drink but sat for hours without touching it.

her tell me that she was in love with Ted, that she had been seeing him secretly for weeks. From a conglomeration of bemuddled thoughts I could realize only one thing; that it was all over.

Ted married Susan the following week. They moved to Rhode Island where they lived for only a year before Susan became ill. Within a few days she died; the doctors said it was pneumonia. Perhaps it was poetic justice. Perhaps neither of us was worthy of her.

I had never thought of myself as one who would someday commit murder. But with every passing day, month and year my hatred for wards Ted Lawson grew until my wrath developed into a frenzy. But my revenge would not be complete if I too would have to die. Consequently, I had long thought out my perfect crime. Over a period of 20 years an act such as murder could be planned most carefully.

Actually it was very simple. About five years ago, while out of Illinois I had bought a medicine which was poison if taken internally. The effects had all the symptoms of a seizure. I had bided my time for many years so it was nothing to wait another few years until the moment of opportunity would arrive.

The bus boy cleared our dinner dishes from the table. As the waiter approached with our coffee I realized that the time for my revenge was finally upon me.

Then I noticed a blond woman of about 30 shuffle past our table swinging her hips in time to the music. Ted looked up and smiled. His eyes followed her across the room. This was my chance but I had to act quickly. With the agility of a cat I shot my arm towards Ted's cup and the deed was done. The drops of poison floated around in the cream and then sunk to the bottom of the cup.

After we had finished our desserts and coffee we sat for a while smoking and talking. Suddenly Ted burst out laughing. His whole body frame shook with laughter until I could not stand it any longer. "What is it? What is it?" I found myself shouting.

He said, "You know, I'm a heel. Why it's really funny. When you went to buy your cigarettes, I got suspicious of you. I guess it was because I was always afraid you would do something to me for marrying Susan." He laughed some more.

"Suspicious. What do you mean?" I asked.

"I don't honestly know," he answered. "But suddenly I began to wonder if after all these years you would hate me and if you would try to harm me. So I switched our coffee. You know, like they do in the movies. But heck, you couldn't hurt me. That's funny, isn't it?"

The volume of his laugh seemed to swell in my ears. I rose slowly from my chair and walked toward the door. Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard Ted calling me but it did not matter. I knew that now nothing would ever matter.

Star Dust STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

By VIRGINIA VALE

LON McCALLISTER certainly stuck his chin out when he said that he's sure he won't fall in love or get married during the next four years. Now 23, he plans to take a vacation from the movies at 27 and travel around the world in his own boat—likes to spend his spare time drawing up boat plans, charting voyages and studying celestial navigation. Lon spent six years playing bit parts and working in radio, got his first big break as "California" in "Stage Door Canteen." Back



LON McCALLISTER

from two years in the air force, he's co-starring with Edward G. Robinson in Sol Lesser's "The Red House"; plays a handsome young swain who captivates the hearts of the girls. That should come easy!

Five year-old Carolyn Grimes seems to be in a rut—has to play bedroom scenes all the time. In her first three pictures she went into a clinic with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire and Fred MacMurray, respectively. Now she's playing the daughter of Catherine Craig and Richard Webb in "Sweet and Low."

When the sponsors of "Highways in Melody" wanted a new, unknown ex-serviceman singer whom they could build into a star they picked Mac Morgan. He was born in Texas, but his mother was born in Oklahoma before it was admitted to the Union as a state, and his uncle is now mayor of Ardmore. He met his wife when he and she were students at the Eastman School of Music, and she was his accompanist for five years before they married; now she not only accompanies him, but writes songs for him as well.

The American Schools and Colleges association advises that certain types of broadcasts should be required listening, its School Advisory Committee cites as examples "Superman" and "Let's Pretend" for children, and the Alan Young show, "The Aldrich Family" and "Date With Judy" as comedies. "It's Up to You," the "CBS School of the Air" and the "NBC University of the Air" are the educational programs.

Valya Valentynoff danced well enough with the Ballet Russe to form a new comedy team with Monte Carlo and in several musical hits to be acclaimed as "the greatest male dancer since Nijinsky." So of course he wants to do straight acting roles. He's changed his name to Paul Valentine, and gets his wish in his film debut in "Build My Gaiety High," in which he has been awarded the top badman role.

Joan Davis is being paged by RKO to form a new comedy team with Wally Brown, who appears on her Monday CBS air show. He's already under contract to the studio, and is being groomed for top comic roles, so they seem like a natural for pictures.

At a rehearsal for his Sunday CBS broadcast Eddie Bracken was asked by a young girl to join a Janet Waldo club—fee \$5. Janet's featured on the show, so he joined. Then it developed that there are eight Janet Waldo fan clubs in Los Angeles; he joined them all.

RKO announces the purchase of "Sagajawee," an original story, the romantic adventure of the Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark into the Northwest. They'll film it in Technicolor.

Joan Blondell was signed as the first feminine star for the forthcoming "Christmas Eve"; there'll be two more feminine leads, and George Raft, Randolph Scott and George Brent play opposite them. It's a Benedict Bogues production.

ODDS AND ENDS—Lulu Van Rosten, of the MBS "Exploring the Unknown," has gone to Hollywood to play a leading character role in "Sagajawee." Recommended as the best comedy stunt of the year—Phil De-er's "Search for an Apartment" which took him to Hollywood to find on a dozen leading air shows. . . . Herb Shriner and Lanny Ross may team up for a concert tour next year. . . . Ken-ny Delmar ("Senator Clagburn" of the picture "It's a Joke, Son") and the Fred Allen show, but been chosen Chairman of the South for National Laugh Week, 1947—and January 19, 1947, the picture opens.

The Oxford County Citizen

The Bethel News, 1895
The Rumford Citizen, 1905

Published every Thursday in the interest of the inhabitants of Bethel and the other towns of northwestern Oxford County. Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine. Subscription rate: \$2.50 a year in advance. Telephone 100

Carl L. Brown, Publisher

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-six, from day to day from the third Tuesday of said November. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel in said county, that they may appear at Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1946 at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Priscilla J. Carver, et al., minors. Second account presented for allowance by Ruth Carver, guardian.

Everett S. Mitchell of Bethel: First and final account presented for allowance by Jennie E. Mitchell, guardian.

Witness: Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this third Tuesday of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-six.

BARBARA CLIFFORD, Register, 59

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Admrx. of the estate of Samuel D. Harrington late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

Edelyn J. Harrington
Bethel, Maine,
Nov. 19, 1946.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mrs. Glenn Martin was in Rumford recently.

Rex Martin called in the vicinity. Mrs. Nellie Noyes and Mrs. Elizabeth Strother, West Paris, were recent callers at Rawson Martin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Morgan are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Carol Ann at the Norway Hospital, December 4.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bailey and family, Locke Mills, visited with Mrs. Gladys Bailey, Sunday.

Maurice Benson, West Paris plans to fix up his lumber camp for the winter.

Sunday callers at Rawson Martin's were: Mr. and Mrs. Dwight

NOTICE

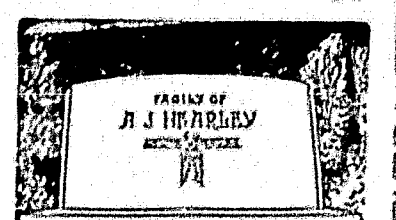
The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Exrx. of the Will of Harry E. Jordan late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

A. Fern Jordan
Bethel, Maine
Nov. 19, 1946.

Avoid Disappointment—Order Now!

MURPHY MONUMENTS

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Maine's Largest Manufacturers of Cemetery Memorials of Quality since 1881

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—Catalogue on Request—

A NEW AND GENEROUS

SUPPLY OF

Steel Ceiling

Just Received

— A Few Board Nails

Charles E. Merrill

BETHEL LUMBER MARKET

Martin, Bethel and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse of West Paris. Mr. and Mrs. George Ridley and Nancy of West Paris, called at Mrs. Beryl Martin's Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Day visited her folks, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett in Sumner recently.

LOCKE MILLS

Mrs. Leo Mills, Correspondent Mrs. Harry Swanson and son have returned home from the Rumford Hospital. He has been named Bruce Harry. Archie Cole has moved his family to Bethel for the winter.

Mrs. Katherine Adams, primary teacher, and her family, are living at Bethel.

Dwight Mills has been ill with bronchitis.

David Jordan, pupil in the grammar room, shot a deer the last of the hunting season.

USED CARS WANTED IN GOOD CONDITION
O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.
80, Paris, Maine Tel. 307

Only 10 Shopping Days to Christmas



TURKISH BATH TOWELS
98c

MEN'S RIBBED SHIRTS AND DRAWERS
\$1.89

MEN'S Heavy Lumberman ALL WOOL PLAID SHIRTS
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CHILDREN'S LONG SLEEVE JERSEYS
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BOYS' Heavy Lumberman HOSE
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MEN'S DRESS HOSE
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39c to 98c

There are many other gift suggestions in our store for men, women or children. Come in and look around.

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The Specialty Shop
BETHEL, ME.

GIFTS for Everyone TOYS

Dolls, Books, Games, Puzzles
Carts, Scooters, Skis, Snow Shovels
and many others to please your child

GIFTS FOR LADIES

Pure Silk Hose, Toilet Sets, Dishes,
Towels, Underwear, Stationery
and many other fine gifts

GIFTS FOR MEN

White Dress Shirts
Toilet Sets, Hosiery, Ties, and
several other useful gifts

Gift Wrappings Tree Trimmings
Christmas Cards

OPEN EVENINGS - Dec. 16 to Xmas

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Be Lovely to Look At
THIS ECONOMICAL, EASY WAY

Have Your Permanent NOW

ONLY \$6.50 AND UP PHONE 80

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WELDING

FARM MACHINERY TRUCK FRAMES
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PHONE 81-2

SHELL PRODUCTS

100% Wool Pants
\$8.75

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BUCKY'S

RADIO REPAIRING



We are equipped to service and repair radio receivers and phonographs of all kinds, and solicit your patronage. All work is fully guaranteed.

We have a complete line of tubes, antennas, noise eliminators, and all accessories.

Leave your Radio at the Reynolds Jewelry Store for prompt, pleasing service.

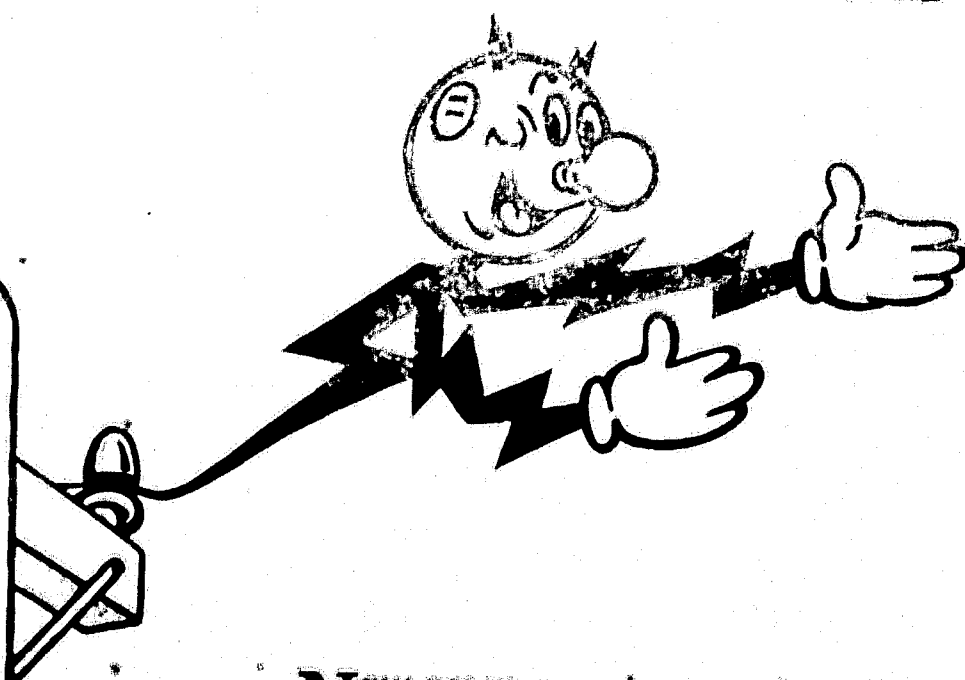
Bethel Radio Service

LAWRENCE D. McKEEN

PAUL J. SALWAY

Phone 99

WE'RE TRYING HARD TO REACH YOU



NEW POLES are going up, and new lines and transformers are being installed just as rapidly as materials become available. But materials requiring steel, copper, lead, zinc and even cotton for insulating are not being produced in sufficient quantity to permit us to construct our electric service lines as rapidly as we would like to.

We are just as anxious to extend electric power to farms within our territory as you are to receive that service which will bring clean, comfortable, convenient living and greater profits to your farms. At present, however, we can make but one promise... to do everything within our power to speed the delivery of all necessary materials so that we can build our line extensions as quickly as possible.

CENTRAL MAINE POWER COMPANY

GILEAD

Mrs. Florence Abbott, Rebecca, of Paris, and guests of Mrs. Mrs. Florence Hold Raymond, were in Paris to attend the funeral of Mrs. Alice Littlehale. Mrs. Harriett White, home from Portland has been the guest of Mrs. Avis Dozier. Mrs. Dorothy Frost of South Paris week end with Mr. and Mrs. Annals.

Mountain View Grange, the Town Hall last Sunday with a dance arranged by Abbott's North Paris with a dance. The sum of \$1.00 was collected. The Church of the Holy Trinity had the lucky number of \$30.25 was realized church also.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Thelma White and Mrs. Roland Annals attended State Grange last week.

RESOLUTIONS OF

Whereas our Heavy has removed from our Brother, Harry E. Jordan, that in the Jordan, Mount A No 31, I O O F, has a end faithful member, who has exemplified of our Order. Resolved, that we family our sympathy that our Charter be a days, a copy of these be sent to the family of a copy be spread upon and published in the Oxford County Citizen.

Royal A. Rodney H. Carl L. Brown Committee of

Bethel G. Machine

Phone 90K

English Co. Shaving

Dje B

Pinaud Lila

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Playing C

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IT'S ALWAYS

Good

A F

Make a spec

friends and

holidays or

join the ma

joy delicious

charm and

good friend

Fried Clari

Bethel

OPEN 8

BAKED BEAN

Please Order

GILEAD

Mrs. Florence Abbott and daughter, Rebecca, of Paris were week end guests of Mrs. Jeanie Annis. Mrs. Florence Holden and son, Raymond, were in Bethel, Sunday to attend the funeral services of Mrs. Alice Littlehale.

Mrs. Harriett Witter has returned home from Portland, where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Avis Dooen.

Mrs. Dorothy Brown and Ray Frost of South, Paris spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Roland Annis.

Mountain View Grange held their Xmas Sale and Harvest Supper at the Town Hall last Saturday evening with a dance and music was furnished by Abbott's orchestra of North Paris with a large attendance. The sum of \$31.86 was realized. The Church quilt was won by Mrs. Edna Corey of Norway, who had the lucky number and the sum of \$30.25 was realized for the church also.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Robertson, Mrs. Thelma Witter and Mr. and Mrs. Roland Annis and daughter attended State Grange at Lewiston last week.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

Whereas our Heavenly Father has removed from our Lodge, our Brother, Harry E. Jordan, be it Resolved, that in the loss of Brother Jordan, Mount Abram Lodge, No. 21, F. & A. M., has lost a worthy and faithful member, one whose life has exemplified the principles of our Order.

Resolved, that we extend to his family our sympathy in their loss, that our Charter be draped for 30 days, a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our Brother and a copy be spread upon our records, and published in the Oxford County Citizen.

Royal A. Hodsdon
Rodney H. Hanscom
Carl L. Brown
Committee on Resolutions

**Bethel Garage
@
Machine Shop**

Phone 90K

NORTH NEWRY

Mrs. L. E. Wight, Correspondent

The school children will call at your door this week with Christmas seals, the sale of which is for a great cause. Buy all you can.

Clarence Walte of Rumford is visiting at the home of W. W. Kiborg this week and next.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard A. Wight and son Stephen, spent the week end at the home of Mrs. Wight's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Barnett, Rumford. Waldo Tripp returned to his home in Berlin, N. H., Saturday after a two weeks visit with his brother, S. T. Tripp and family.

About 20 attended the Beano party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morton Jr., Friday night, December 6.

Bear River Grange will hold

their annual election of officers Saturday night, December 14.

Miss Carrie Wight, Fred Wight and L. E. Wight attended the funeral of their cousin, Alice (King) Littlehale at Bethel, Sunday afternoon.

Samuel Smith has finished work for the United States Government and expects to be at home this winter.

Leater Lane has moved his family into the woods in Newry, where he has a logging job.

The Farm Bureau will meet with Mrs. Bertha Davis Wednesday, December 18. This is the annual

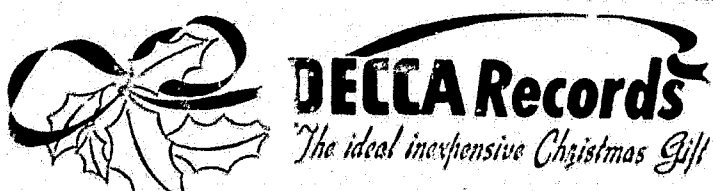
Christmas Party with a tree in the afternoon.

Mrs. L. E. Wight attended State Forestry management meeting Tuesday at Grange in Lewiston. Wednesday, Thursday, December 4 and 5.

Hartley Hanscom and family were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cummings, Bethel, Glover at Rumford Point last Saturday night.

F. W. Wight and his son, Willard Wight, attended the Forestry management meeting Tuesday at Grange in Lewiston. Wednesday, Thursday, December 4 and 5.

Mrs. H. H. Hanscom, Amy Hanscom and Roger Hanscom attended the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Verne and Mrs. Arthur Cummings, Bethel, Glover at Rumford Point last Saturday night.



Decca Albums

by

Bing Crosby
The Mills Brothers
Al Jolson
Ink Spots
Louis Jordan

Also A Good Selection of Single Records
D. Grover Brooks



A TRIBUTE TO OUR CHEF

"You can live without friends,
You can live without books,
But show me the man who
can live without cooks."

And there are cooks and cooks—some good and some not so good. Fortunately our chef is one of those rare souls who knows what our patrons like and how to prepare it. The ever-increasing patronage we enjoy is proof that our chef "knows his onions."

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Is your car in shape for the cold season ahead? Make sure of perfect winter performance by stopping in for a complete winterizing job.

Complete Stock of

Seal Beam Headlight Adapter Kits for All Cars
Tires - Tubes - Fuel - Pumps - Defrosters
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YOUNG'S RED & WHITE STORE

BEANS BEANS BEANS BEANS

WE HAVE THEM IN A CAN AND DRY —
GET THEM WHILE THEY ARE GOING

TOMATO CATSUP	25c	TOMATOES	26c
MIX VEGETABLES	15c	CUT BEETS	14c
RICE 3 lbs.	51c	BARLEY	15c
SPLIT PEAS	15c	PEA SOUP	15c
OLEO	45c	CRISCO	49c

MEATS

PORK LOINS	55c	PORK CHOPS	59c
SALT PORK	49c	Boneless CHUCK ROAST	49c
FRANKFORTS	42c	MINCE HAM	42c

Plenty of Smoked Ham, Shoulders and Bacon

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

ORANGES	GRAPEFRUIT	LEMONS	APPLES
CARROTS	CELERY	TURNIPS	SPINACH
SALAD BOWL			SQUASH

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Machine Work of All Kinds

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LUNCH ROOM For A Late Evening



Snack

Stop At

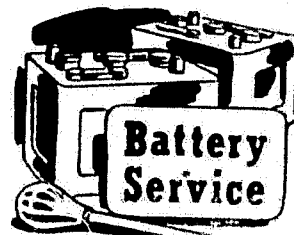
THE SNACK SHOP

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BEANS AND BROWN BREAD to Take Out on Saturdays

BIRTHDAY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER

WE SPECIALIZE IN HAMBURGERS



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WE DO WELDING ANYWHERE
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Garage & Welding Shop
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PHONE 44



Give your clothes that sparkling, fresh-from-the-out-box look that gives you real confidence in your own appearance. Use our expert cleaning which restores and freshens textures. It will assure that dressed-up feeling. Call us today.

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NORWAY, MAINE

CALL BETHEL 99—OR LEAVE CLOTHING AT

Reynolds Jewelry Store

THE CORNER SHOP

LADIES' WRIST WATCHES

\$35 to \$60 inc. tax

MEN'S WRIST WATCHES

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LADIES' AND MEN'S EXPANSION

WATCH BANDS \$1.50 to \$8.00 inc. tax

LADIES' PEARLS - PINS - BRACELETS

LADIES' LOCKETS AND CHAINS

BABY LOCKETS, CHAINS and BRACELETS

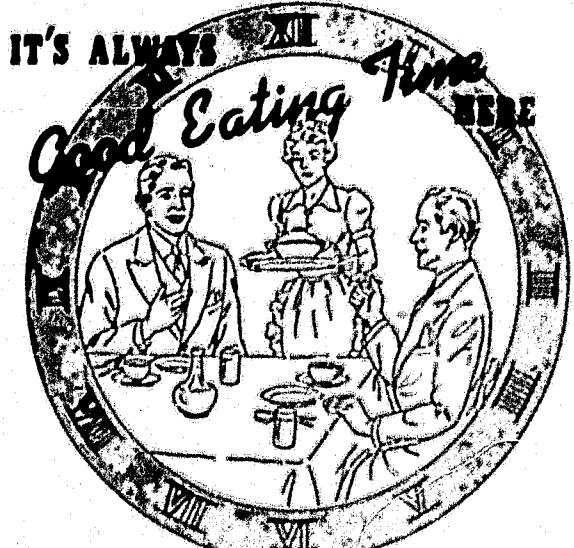
BABY SPOON AND FORK SETS

Sterling Silver

BABY CUPS Sterling Silver

BILLFOLDS and STATIONERY

EDWARD P. LYON



A Friendly Chat

Make a special luncheon date with your friends and meet here. Whether for holidays or for any day come in and join the many satisfied patrons who enjoy delicious food in an atmosphere of charm and cheer. For good food with good friends, stop in today.

Fried Clams Served Every Evening

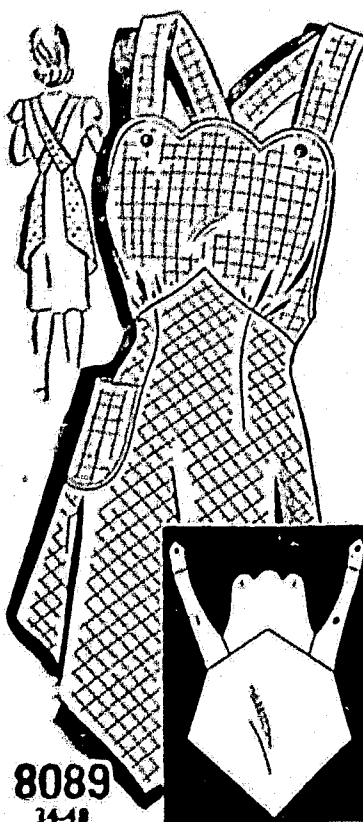
Bethel Restaurant

OPEN 8 A. M. TO 10:30 P. M.

BAKED BEANS SATURDAYS—PHONE 58

Please Order Friday and Bring Containers

One-Yard Apron Makes Nice Gift

8089
34-48

Bib Apron

YOU'LL need just one yard of gaily printed fabric to make this pretty and practical bib apron in the smaller sizes. So easy to do and an ideal gift for showers, holiday giving, bazaars, or for your own apron wardrobe.

Pattern No. 8089 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, 1 yard of 35" fabric.

The Fall and Winter issue of FASHION contains a host of ideas for every woman who sews. Designs by top flight designers, easy to make styles, free crocheting directions, free valentine patterns in the book. Price 25 cents.

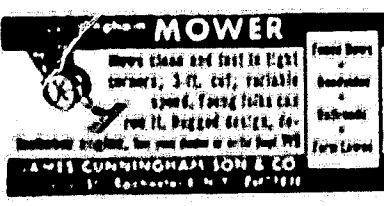
SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
1225 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired.
Pattern No. _____ Size _____
Name _____
Address _____

Last minute Christmas shopping? For the smokers on your list, select either of these two popular gift items featured by your local dealer—flavorful Camel Cigarettes or mild, mellow Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. What's more, you needn't bother or fuss with troublesome gift wrappings, for both these products come ready to give! The Camel carton is adorned in colorful holiday dress, containing 200 mild, rich-tasting cigarettes. And Prince Albert for Christmas giving is offered in the popular full pound container. Even a card in unnecessary for these gifts—space is provided for a personalized written message. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise when you see the hearty reception your friends will give holiday-wrapped Camels and Prince Albert—Adv.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis



A Sunday treat...
featuring popular
melodies and a
"thought for the day"

LISTEN TO
"Bill's
Scrapbook"
with BILL HAHN
Sundays, 1:15 pm

presented by
the makers of
CYNTHIA SWEETS
★
YANKEE NETWORK
in NEW ENGLAND

ODDS ON ODDITIES

Gun-toting Animals Predominate In Roundup of Freak Accidents

WNU Features

It used to be news when a man bit a dog. But in 1946 a dog shot a woman.

And that's not all. A kangaroo shot a man. So did a rabbit. A deer took a gun away from a hunter. A fish chased a fisherman off the road by sneezing in his face. A bee, a goose, a grasshopper, a mouse and a turtle got into the act, each in its own quaint way. And an ice cube knocked a woman cold.

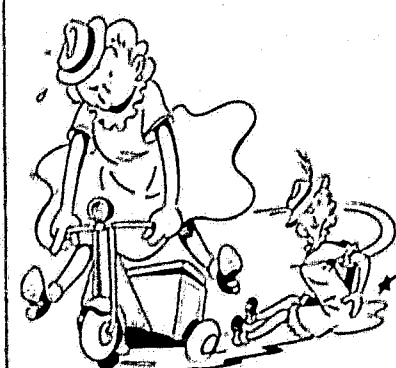
All this, and more, was turned up by National Safety council in its annual roundup of odd accidents. And if you haven't already begun to suspect that things were a little wacky in the year just past, read on!

The Ice Cometh

Miss Jeannette Esslinger—was standing on the sidewalk in St. Louis when an ice cube fell out of a hotel window. It hit her squarely on the head and knocked her colder than the ice cube. At the hospital they treated her with an ice pack!

Alice Martin, 52, and Emily Haus-

er, 60, were zipping along the streets of Des Moines, Iowa, on a

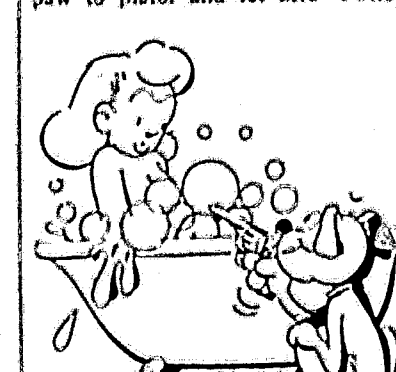


motor scooter one day, having a very fine time indeed, when what should loom up ahead but a corner. As they scooted adventurously around it, the scooter unceremoniously upset, depositing both ladies on the pavement with considerable force and little dignity. Sympathetic friends suggested the scooters trade in their vehicle for an automobile—or, if youth must have its fling, a kiddie car.

Really Burning Up

As Margaret Standing was walking along the street in downtown Philadelphia, she was understandably bewildered when two women and a man suddenly began beating her on the head. She was burned up a little at this. But not as much as if they hadn't. For the not-so-cold fact was that Miss Standing was on fire. A cigarette, tossed from a nearby building, had landed in her hair. No other cigarette can make this statement!

Now, about the dog that shot the woman. It happened in Baltimore as Mrs. Ruth Patterson was enjoying a bath. Her police pup, Toby, nipped a gun on the washstand, put paw to pistol and let Mrs. Patterson have it right in the bathtub—or more precisely, right in the hand.



In Fresno, Calif., Leonard Gurno, 21, was completing what he hoped had been a satisfactory test for a driver's license. As he nervously parked the car he stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake. The car leaped the curb and roared through the plate glass window of an office—the office of the examiner who was giving Gurno the driving test. License denied.

When the alarm rang in a Houston fire station this summer, Fireman J. H. Skeeters threw on his clothes and leaped for the quick-exit pole. He missed and landed keelplank on the first floor 20 feet below—all 200 pounds of him. Sure, it was a false alarm.

In Fairmont City, Mo., fire started in an auto from a short circuit, but thoughtfully set off the horn and sounded its own alarm.

Equally as obliging was a blizzard that started in a tavern at Hugo, Okla., burned off the cap of a hydrant, released a stream of water and drowned itself.



More understandable was the strange case of the kangaroo that shot the man. This happened in Australia when Arthur Crosbie shot a kangaroo through the hind legs and it fell on its back. Crosbie reloaded the rifle and put the butt on the kangaroo's neck to pin it down. The kangaroo reached up, twined a forepaw around the trigger and shot Crosbie through the arm.

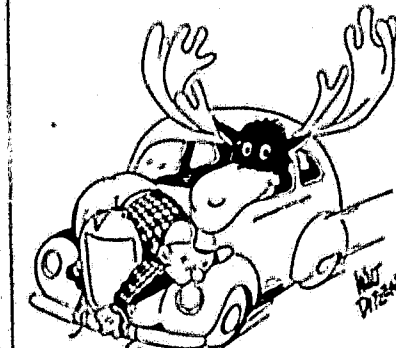
Prompted by the same motive of self preservation, a rabbit that lived just outside Louisville, Ky., resented the activities of William Humphrey, a 16-year-old hunter. He stuck out a paw from Humphrey's game bag, pulled the trigger of Humphrey's gun and shot him through the foot. Humphrey now carries a rabbit's foot for luck when he goes hunting. Guess what rabbit!

Edward M. Brown of Beverly Hills, Calif., saw active service in both the European and Asiatic theaters without a scratch. He decided to relax by going hunting. A companion shot a goose. It plummeted down, struck Brown smack in the chest, knocked him flat, and inflicted injuries that kept him in the hospital 45 days.

Many a bee has caused a traffic accident, but a super-busy one in Hammond, Ind., cracked up three autos by merely stinging the driver of one of the cars. The driver, Walter Sohl, drove into another car, which then crashed into a third machine.

He Gets Buck Fever

Back in the meatless days Del Halstead licked his chops as he drew a sight on a big buck deer near Buckhorn station, Calif. Just as he released the safety catch on his rifle, he was hit from behind and sent sprawling. Another buck had



bounded out of a thicket and landed, ala the marines, in the nick of time. Halstead not only lost his gun—he also lost two bucks!

Same Old Story

Put a mouse and a woman in the same car and something has to give. So when Mrs. Orson Rheingold of Albany, N. Y., found she was sharing her car with a traveling field mouse, she just did what came naturally. The car smacked into a pole and the field mouse returned to the field.

Gustav Ribbow of Milwaukee is a kindly man. So when he and his wife found a turtle in their back yard, they put it in a box on the front seat of their car and started to take it to a nice honey place in the country. The turtle, confused or just plain ungrateful, slipped out of the box, crawled up Ribbow's leg and bit him good and hard. Ribbow turned turtle and so did the car—via a tree.

Chips Pay Off

After that, anything must seem dull. But the case of Peta Bird of Shelbyville, Ky., may be worth recording. When a mere boy, Bird was chopping a log on a farm when a chip flew up and struck him in the eye, bringing a cataract and blindness. In 1940—just 42 years later—Bird again was chopping wood. Again a chip flew up and hit him in the eye, tearing the cataract loose and restoring sight.

Then there was the case of the aultry pocketbook. It belonged to Miss Janice Peterson of New York City, who traced smoke to a drawer in her office desk and found a cigarette lighter in her purse had flicked on. "And it hardly ever

works when you want it to," she moaned.

A \$50,000 boom hit the rural community of Plymouth, Wis., when 10-year-old Robert Marth shot at a sparrow perched on a farm wagon, missed the sparrow, hit the wagon and set off its 1,300-pound load of dynamite. Casualties—650 windows, 1 wagon and 1 sparrow.

Don't We All?

Stanley Sot of East Chicago, Ind., entered the dentist's office with a toothache and left with a headache. As the dentist reached for the forceps, lightning struck the office building and a bunk of plaster from the ceiling clobbered Sot on the head, where the novocain hadn't reached.

Three-year-old Ernest Liedemann of Chicago tumbled into the Chicago river from a bridge high above. As he hit the water, his clothing caught on a nail that protruded from the piling and held his head above water until he was rescued.

Close runner-up for fall fashions was Abraham Wilson of New York. As Wilson was lowering a couch from a four-story shaftway in a warehouse, he tripped in the rigging and he and the couch plunged downward. He caught up with the couch as they passed the third floor. The force of the impact wedged the couch against the shaft wall, where surprised workers found Wilson curled up cozily.

Another Fish Yarn

Most fantastic of all, perhaps, is the celebrated case of the sneezing



salmon. James Mantakes of La Grande, Ore., caught the salmon, tossed it in the rear of his car and started for home to show the folks. As the car chugged along, desert dust blew into the salmon's gills, and it sneezed. Yes, it did.

This startled Mantakes. He glanced back, saw nothing but a fish and shrugged off the sound. Another sneeze. Mantakes whirled around, this time to see an angry salmon on the back of the seat, glaring balefully at him with bloodshot eyes. As if that weren't enough, a grasshopper chose that moment to come flying in through the window. The salmon abandoned Mantakes, lunged at the grasshopper, missed and fell back in the lap of the now thoroughly disorganized driver.

Mantakes gave himself over entirely to subduing the salmon. The car went crashing off the road. The salmon sneezed spitefully once or twice more—and succumbed.

Victims of All Ages

Youngest victim of an odd accident in 1946 undoubtedly was a baby girl who was shot before she was born. Her mother, Mrs. Arthur Loughton, was shot in a hunting accident at Winthrop, Me., and the baby was born prematurely, a bullet wound in her left thigh.

When most people were desperately trying to find auto tires, Stanley Yanick of Chicago just stood still on the sidewalk and one came rolling right up to him. Unfortunately, it had a wheel attached, and it flattened him. The tire was the wrong size anyway.

When Mrs. Ralph Gilmore of Philadelphia heard a certain program



coming in on her radio, she hurried across the room to turn up the volume, tripped on a rug and fell, suffering minor injuries. The program Mrs. Gilmore fell for? A broadcast on home hazards by National Safety council!

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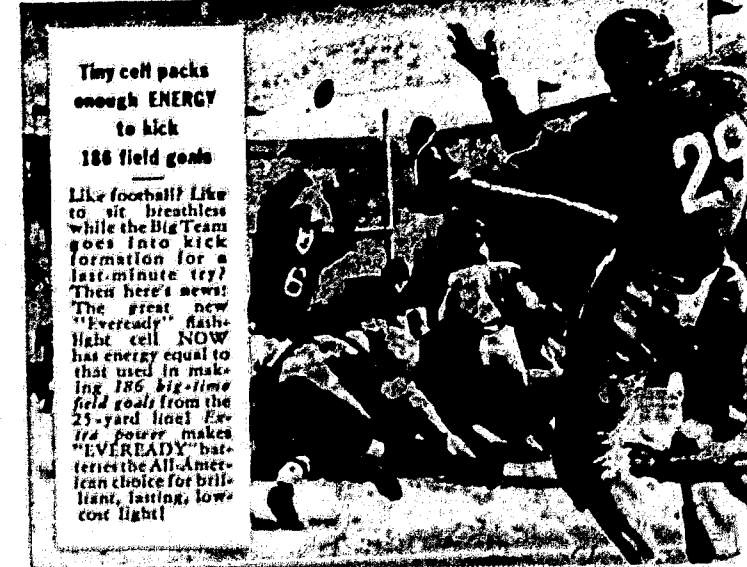
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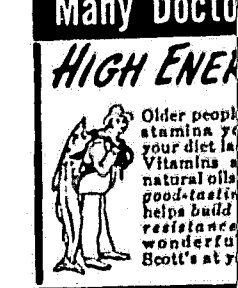
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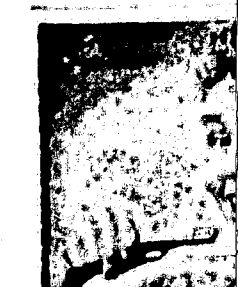
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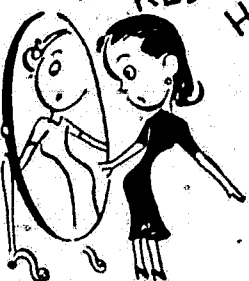
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Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work...not act as Nature intended...fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Let Doan's Pills, Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nationwide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

Kathleen Norris Says:

The Glorious Fifties

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



"Hundreds of sensible women of 50 are invaluable to their families; healthy, serene, busy."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

I AM 50. I am superfluous. I am fitted for no special work. I am faced with dependence upon a daughter, who is burdened with two stepchildren and a new baby, and a son-in-law who frankly doesn't like me. An old admirer, 70, with some property, wants to marry me. Would you think a woman of 50 crazy to marry again? I have been widowed three years.

This is part of the rather stark letter of Wenda White, who lives in Boston. I certainly would advise any woman of 50 or even 60 to marry an old admirer if she wants to, but I'm not sure I'd advise Wenda that way. When she says that she is superfluous and fitted for no special work, she adds unconsciously that she is stupid, and a stupid woman is not apt to make a good wife in middle-age. Sometimes, stupid little beauties in their teens make a success of it, because they learn and they are cute while learning. But Wenda sounds rather grim. I doubt if she could learn now to be a happy wife.

Note what Wenda tells me in these few phrases. In her three years of widowhood and in the years before it, she never has found any useful work. Not nursing and work, not library or kindergarten or room-work, nothing that would keep her busy and insure her independence. For the past six years, America has been crying aloud for women workers, has been overpaying them, favoring them—but not Wenda.

Her only child has been heavily burdened with young wifehood, the premature care of babies not her own, the extreme and responsibility of motherhood, but Wenda surely wasn't much use. All she admits she did was outpace her daughter's husband. Perhaps she didn't want Violet to marry a man who already had two children, perhaps she felt that Violet's own motherhood took place too promptly. Whatever it was, instead of making herself admired by this young couple and indispensable to them, Wenda has only made herself disagreeable, and eluded that dear too.

Wenda Will Fall Again. Now she proposes to take her various failures, disappointments, inefficiencies into still another sphere. Heaven help her old admirer if he gets her! A smarter old man would find a woman who had a good job and liked it, whose family idolized her and shrieked at the thought of anyone walking away with Mom.

A very young wife may have her moods, her irritations, her pretty little faults. But when a woman has lived 50 years with it learning the secret of usefulness, service, affection, then she never is going to be anything to anyone, daughter, husband or friend.

But 50 can be a glorious age. I don't mean a shadowy, resigned, wistful time of looking on at life. I mean a time for splendid and useful living. When a woman's hectic early days are over, her children grown, herself freed for all the interests and activities for which she has never had time, she may well enter into the pleasantest years of her whole life. There is some work that a well-developed and experienced woman ought to be interested in by that time, something she is eager to do. Her health will be good if she has learned how to care

"She feels superfluous..."

TWO VIEWPOINTS ON MIDDLE AGE

To many women, the later years are the best of their lives. The fifties, sixties, even the seventies and eighties can be full of richness and quiet happiness. After a woman's children have grown up she has a new freedom, and an opportunity to do many things that she could not while her family was her first concern. She can travel, pursue some hobby, study or do any number of things. Perhaps her greatest joy will be helping to care for her grandchildren. Or she may want to give her time to some charitable work.

On the other hand, some women find the later years a miserable time. They feel useless, unwanted. Nothing seems worth doing. Usually these women have been unhappy all their lives.

Wenda White is 50 and a widow. She is dependent upon her daughter, who has three children. Wenda's son-in-law doesn't like her and takes no pains to hide the fact. A way out has appeared suddenly, however, and Wenda is wondering what to do. An old admirer has asked her to marry him. He has a little property and could take care of her well. She is asking Miss Norris what course to follow.

For herself, and a hundred of the younger women and dreamers who have been brushed aside like the worthless things they were.

Not half enough has been said of the golden autumn beauty of the 50s. Any younger woman contemplating them, shudders away with horror. And too many women, reaching them, accept that horror as a true indication of what they mean and help to preserve the delusion that the 50s are a lonely, superfluous time, when one doesn't belong—and can't wait, anywhere.

Actually the most useful women in the world are those between 45 and 65, and any woman who doesn't discover it when she reaches the earliest date is cheating herself. She can achieve complete happiness if she will.

Hotel Manager at 70. I could cite hundreds of cases of sensible women of 50 and more who are invaluable to their families, healthy, serene, busy. Hundreds more hold positions of dignity and trust; some do both. One woman, 73 years old this week, found herself widowed 20 years ago with a delicate daughter, three small grandchildren and a son-in-law who was tubercular, all to be provided for. There was no talk of being superfluous or untrained from Mary Carter, although for all her 50 years she had been an adored and pampered daughter and wife.

She moved the family to a climate in which Max could live and he is living still. She took over an abandoned hotel, put all her heart and energy into it and runs it at a profit today, with her 71st birthday in sight. She has enjoyed it, laughed over it, used her imagination on it, and she is the most popular person in her own neighborhood today. I wonder what poor Wenda would have made of it?

Peroxide Keeps Milk
A new and simple chemical method of sterilizing milk has been developed in Italy, the American Chemical Society reports.

The method involves adding two cubic centimeters of a 3 percent solution of hydrogen peroxide to about a quart of milk and then stirring it. It is said that the treated milk has a more pleasant taste than the pasteurized product. The treatment can be made at ordinary temperatures and is generally effective for about three days.



Artificial Snowflakes

The General Electric Corp. Gentlemen:

Must you make me feel depressed, sour and apprehensive? Is it fair for you to go out of your way to spread gloom and disillusionment? Can't you do something about that man Vincent J. Shaefer, one of your head scientists?

Nothing has saddened us so much in years as a headline the other morning—"General Electric Makes Real Snowflakes." And the subhead—"V. J. Shaefer finds way to produce genuine crystals." We are crying still.

If there was one thing that we thought this world would be able to retain in the time-honored form, with no substitutes or imitations, it was the snowflake. I was always a warm friend of snowflakes. I might say I loved them from boyhood up. They were beautiful beyond words; something too lovely to be dreamed of as the work of man. I thought of God when I looked out on a moonlight night and saw the snowflakes drifting down like so many jewels. And so did most people.

Oh, sometimes I thought, too, of Heaven, the skies, the glamorous mysteries of nature; yes, and my thoughts wandered to sleigh bells, double-rippers and a white Christmas. But you can be sure of something: I never thought of the General Electric corporation. I never, in my life, looked at a snowflake and thought of Schenectady, N. Y.

Tell me it isn't so, Owen Young! Just tell me you have just made a plastic flake, a cheap substitute. Mr. Shaefer, everything in this troubled world has been altered, shaken up, all fouled up and monkeyed with. The snowflake was about the one thing left untouched. It alone stood out in the original form, with a gleam all its own and a mystery unshared with. Who wants to see a child look out the window at the crystals from Schenectady on a winter morning and exclaim, "Oh, no! Look what General Electric is doing!"

Who wants to hear methods, recited by Whittier?

The snow had begun in the gleaming And busily all the night Had been heaping field and highway With Schenectady products white, . . .

Replicate the white thing, General Electric. Or there will be trouble. This country will never accept without a fight the prospect of everything down hill on factory-made snow.

The Big Four Take an Elevator at the Waldorf

Byrnes—This is the one we like, I believe.
Molotov—I object to such an abrupt conclusion on a campaign of to a directive with no debate.
Bevin—Oh, this is an exercise to the 30th floor all right. Let's not quibble.
Molotov—You may be all right, but I must insist that I don't make it necessarily so.

Byrnes—If it is the altered judgment of the gentleman, for the Soviet Union that matter about a taken I shall not press an objection at this time.

Bevin—What does the gentleman propose?

Molotov—I propose we designate three elevators. This would give us suitable range and prevent a narrow policy of adhering to one elevator only.

Byrnes—Why not four elevators? In case of a serious issue between us we would each have an elevator all our own.

Molotov—That is a capitalistic proposal, plainly designed to impede Russian freedom of action. The Soviet Union must oppose any solution as simple as that. It might satisfy everybody. I must insist on three elevators, thus giving Russia the right at all times to get in with somebody else.

De Morville—What would the world think if it could see us hesitant in the mere matter of an elevator? I move that we make elevators optional.

Bevin—I remember the Soviet Union when it would swim an elevator and insist on waiting up the 37 flights.

"That gag which I've included in my joke book giving me credit and which I pointed out I had heard from Joe E. Louis was really created by the inimitable Bugs Baer, and first appeared in this very page several years ago."—Louis Sobel

Ah, it's a tough life that any good gag leads these days. Everybody gets into the act, except the author.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Standing uses eight per cent more energy than sitting. Surprise you? Now maybe you will sit to peel potatoes, shell peas, polish silver and the like.

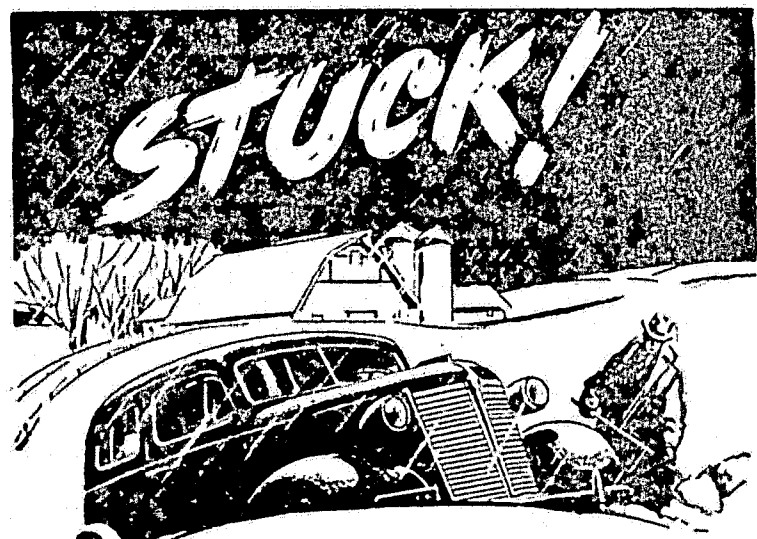
Do not let kitchen cutlery stand in water. Wash blades first; if stained use scouring powder. Then wash handles. Rinse and dry immediately.

To keep shoe string potatoes crisp, don't salt them until you are just ready to serve.

If you're weeping over the worn-out print dress, take heart! If the blouse isn't too worn, cut it off, remove the sleeves and bind them. Then wear it like a dickey or as a gilet under your favorite suit.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double your money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell's Gas Tablets. No laxative. Bell's Gas Tablets comfort in a fifty or double your money back on return of bottle to us, see at all druggists.



Snow—the "double-crosser"

You can't trust snow. It might have ice under it. And that means trouble—fast! Thousands of destructive accidents each winter could have been prevented by WEED TIRE CHAINS.

For treacherous going, there's no better safeguard than WEEDS. Especially the new WEED AMERICAN V Bar-Reinforced TIRE CHAIN. More than a new tire chain—the new idea in traction.

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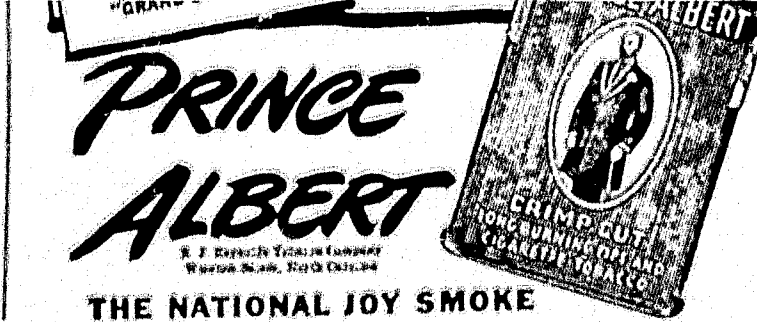
Try Tongue-Easy Prince Albert in your pipe or your papers and see if you don't agree with Jim Van Hook and Curtis Logan



"I tried many other brands of pipe tobacco before I tried Prince Albert," says Jim Van Hook. "It's the brand for me. For pleasure—for comfort—there's no other tobacco like P.A."

"Prince Albert's special crimp cut rolls up into a neater and firmer cigarette," says Curtis Logan. "And it's great tobacco—mild, cool, and rich tasting all the way through."

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FOR SALE—Four Tires, 6.00 x 16, Good for retreading. Plenty of wear left in them. Four for \$15—\$5 each. B. P. LYON.

FOR SALE—Macintosh and Red Delicious Apples—Also four 7.00x15 4 ply used tires for sale. A. R. MASON & SONS.

FOR SALE—Wool Material, light and dark colors, also plaids. Light, medium and heavy weight. MRS. ELIZABETH REYNOLDS, Tel. 20-11.

FOR SALE—Complete house furnishings:—Washing Machine, lawn mower, rugs, beds, tables, studio couch, wardrobe, dressers, chairs, etc. Most almost new. Some cheap odd pieces good for camp furniture. GEORGE NICHOLSON, Elm Street.

FOR SALE—Kineo C cook stove with hot water coil—in excellent condition. HARLAN HUTCHINS, Clark Street.

FOR SALE—1941 Ford long wheelbase truck, platform body, good tires. RICHARD DAVIS, 4712.

FOR SALE—Intervalle land, capable of supporting small farm, situated on Sunday River road and Route 26—part of Hantings farm. JOHN C. GILMAN, Bethel, 4712.

FOR SALE—National Cash Register. RYAN'S MARKET. 4712.

WANTED

WANTED—Roll Top Desk, with key—Medium size. STUART MATTIN, Rumford Point.

MISCELLANEOUS

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS—Bring in your Fox and Deer Skins not later than Christmas as I plan to close for the winter Dec. 31st. H. I. DEAN, Fur Buyer, Bethel, Me.

FURNISHED HUNTING CAMP in Upton—to accommodate four—for rent at \$15 a week. AVERY ANGEVINE, Tel. 13-12.

Leave Shoes at Chamberlin's for repair and clothes to be cleaned Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. BYRON CLEANERS and DRYERS, INC., Auburn, Maine. 4712.

SAVE SHOES AT EARL'S for repair. RICHARD'S 25 HOP Gorham, N. H. 401.

HELP WANTED—MALE AMBITIOUS MAN WANTED to service established farm customers with well known Watkins Products in this area. Complete household plus a big market for Minerals, insecticides, sprays, D.D.T., etc. No investment needed. Only requirements automobile and between the ages of 25 and 35. Write WATKINS CO. RURAL DEPT., BOX 27, NEWARK, N. J.

HENRY H. HASTINGS Attorney-at-Law Corner Main and Broad Streets Bethel, Maine TEL. 150

Dr. Ralph O. Hood Osteopathic Physician at the home of Mrs. Sadie Brooks Mondays 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Evening by appointment

GERRY BROOKS ATTORNEY AT LAW Broad Street BETHEL, MAINE Telephone 14

JOHN F. IRVINE Cemetery Memorials in Marble, Bronze LETTERING CLEANING PHONE BETHEL 13-31

PIANO TUNING repairing—Regulating—Voicing S. Elwood Thompson Sheridan Avenue, Auburn, Me. Leave Bethel Orders with Mrs. Doris Lord, Phone 43-21

ELMER E. BENNETT AGENT New York Life Insurance Co. Bethel, Maine Telephone 110

S. S. Greenleaf Funeral Home Stern Ambulance Equipment 120-10-12 BETHEL, ME. 4712-11-11 SERVICE

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. K. W. Hawthorne, Minister Parish School 9:45 a. m. Morning Worship 11:00 a. m. Adult Class, 12:00 noon The Annual Candlelight and Vesper Service, conducted by the students of Gould Academy and directed by Miss Ann Griggs, will be held Sunday night at 7:30 in the church.

The Ladies Club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. Van Dun Kerechoven, Thursday, Dec. 19th at 3 o'clock. There will be a Christmas Program and Tree. The members of the Club will exchange gifts and supper will be served at 6:00 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH

William Penner, Pastor 9:45 Church School, Miss Minnie Wilson, superintendent. 11:00 Morning Worship service. Hymn theme: "Introducing the Redeemer."

There will be no Youth Fellowship meeting next Sunday.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday Services at 10:45 A. M. All are cordially invited to attend. "God the Preserver of Man" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, December 15.

The Golden Text is: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever." (Psalms 125:2).

The citations from the Bible include the following passages: "Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith. But

YOU WILL FIND

Gifts for Home and Family HERE

TRELA Record Players

WATCHES

Eversharp Pen and Pencil Sets

Westminster Chimes

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

ELECTRIC HEATING PADS

COLUMBIA RECORDS AND ALBUMS

FLUORESCENT PIN-UP LAMPS

THE Reynolds JEWELRY STORE

PHONE 99

C. G. BYERS

Licensed Electrician

R 2 BETHEL, MAINE

E. L. GREENLEAF

OPTOMETRIST

will be at his rooms over the Community Room

SATURDAY, JAN. 4

rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Luke 12: 27, 28, 31.)

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following selections from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "In divine Science, man is sustained by God, the divine Principle of being; the earth at God's command, brings forth food for man's use. Knowing this, Jesus once said, 'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink;—presuming not on the prerogative of his creator, but recognizing God, the Father and Mother of all, as able to feed and clothe man as He doth the lilies (page 530-5-12).

ST. BARNABAS' EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Rumford Rev. F. C. Lightbourne, Tel. 1029-34 8:00 A. M.: Holy Eucharist (said) 9:30 A. M.: Holy Eucharist (sung) 11:00 A. M.: Holy Eucharist (Bunior Choir) and Sermon

SKILLINGTON

Leslie Johnston is hauling wood for Young's Mill. The residents of the little red

houses all have driven wells now the first time there has been water added unto you" (Luke 12: 27, 28, 31.)

Mrs. A. H. Tift and son, Robert spent Saturday in Norway. Harlan Kimball has moved his camp to this vicinity and is working for Ralph Young.

Mrs. Daisy McAllister was in Norway several days last week. Walter Brown is working for Ernest Buck.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester G. French of Norway were Sunday callers of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tift.

BORN

In Berlin, N. H., Dec. 9 to Sgt. and Mrs. James Monahan of Bethel a daughter, Patricia Kaye.

In Rumford, Dec. 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Secord of Bethel, a daughter.

In Bethel, Dec. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Enman, a daughter.

In Norway, December 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Morgan, a daughter.

MARRIED

In Bethel, Dec. 5, by Rev. William Penner, Verne Wallace Glover and Miss Vada Enman, both of Rumford.

DIED

In Portland, Dec. 4, Mrs. Alice King Littlehale, formerly of Bethel, aged 52 years.

For Portraits and Scenes which are sure to please

DON BROWN STUDIO

Main Street Opposite Bethel Theater Phone 149

DEVELOPING - PRINTING - ENLARGING DISCHARGES COPIED

BRYANT'S IGA MARKET

— Friday and Saturday Only — Quaker — for Xmas Puddings
MAINE POTATOES peck 45c CORN MEAL 1 1/2 lb. pkg. 13c
Florida — 200 Count Puritan — Ready to Mix
ORANGES doz. 29c PIE CRUST 9 oz. pkg. 23c
Texas Marsh Seedless — 80's IGA — Vitamin Enriched
GRAPEFRUIT 3 for 21c FLOUR 25 lb. bag \$1.69
Michigan Fancy Mixed
ONIONS 10 lb. bag 37c NUTS 1 lb. 57c
IGA MILK 3 tall cans 39c SALT 2 lb. box 7c
IGA — Finest for Baking Quaker
CHOCOLATE 1/2 lb. pkg. 16c ROLLED OATS 3 lb. pkg. 27c

FOOD IGA STORE

FINER QUALITY AT LOWER PRICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Effective July 1, 1944
SLABS \$3.00 per cord
Sawing \$1.50 per cord
Delivering in Village, full load \$2.00 per cord
Sawed Slabs 2 cords to a load 4 ft. Slabs 3 cords to a load
BUTTINGS \$9.00 per large load, delivered

These prices are below the ceilings which were set for this area in November 1943. Terms: Cash on delivery.

P. H. CHADBOURNE & CO.
Tel. 135-2

THE Roadside Grille

ALL HOME COOKED FOOD
Fried Clams and Scallops
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BETHEL MAINGAS CO.

BOTTLED GAS SERVICE

WARREN M. BEAN
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FULLER BRUSHES

MAKE WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFTS
LADIES' AND MEN'S HAIR BRUSHES
HAND BRUSHES BATH BRUSHES
SHAVING BRUSHES CLOTHES BRUSHES
HOUSEHOLD BRUSHES
AND OTHER FULLER PRODUCTS
Clayton Fossett, Bethel, Maine
Call at Elm Street home or Phone 104-3

TRUCKING

Snow Plowing

RODERICK McMILLIN

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Effective November 1, 1946

BIRCH and HARDWOOD SLABS, \$6.00 at Mill. \$7.00 Del.

BLOCKS .15 Basket Delivered

THESE PRICES BELOW O. P. A. CEILINGS

TERMS—CASH ON DELIVERY

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BETHEL, MAINE

TEL. 84



Make This a Story-Telling Christmas GIVE A BOOK

Books certain to please the youngsters

Charles Dickens Christmas Series
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass
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The Golden Encyclopedia
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The Herdsman
Up Front
The Unterrified
Yellow Tapers for Paris
General Wainwright's Story

WHY NOT COME IN AND BROWSE?

The Book Shop

SANTA'S WORKSHOP

IS NOW

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

Santa has decided that it is about time to let the children see his workmen making the toys he delivers every Christmas morning, so, from Dec. 9 to Dec. 23 inclusive except Sundays the workshop will be open for inspection from 2 to 4 in the afternoon and 7 to 8:30 in the evening.

Santa, himself, will be there to greet you and show the children his assortment of toys.

Bring the children—Give them a chance to see their toys being made.

Roberts Furniture Co.

Just off Route 2 HANOVER, MAINE

Tel. Rumford 931-W3



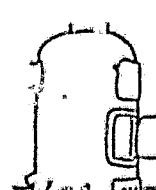
CONGREGATIONAL OBSERVE

A special Christmas service will be held Sunday morning, Dec. 16, at 10 o'clock in the church. The service will be conducted by Rev. K. W. Hawthorne. The following pointed Hilda R. Tibbets; Mrs. Ireland and Clerk, Mrs. La. Miss Ann Griggs; Roscoe, and the committee to appoint also given the necessary funds.

STATE DIRECTOR SAFETY PRAISE

Prevent accidents adequately to warding hazards, Director of the State of Maine, Mr. J. H. Bates, has advised the State Police that the following drivers have been given the highest rating for their careful driving upon obedience to the winter driving laws. "With cars in to ten years of that a great many of need of repairing essential to "Drages, win frosters, head chains and the strict attention. Failure to have or to use tire snow and ice winter-time skid traps. Failure lights or to keep leads to many from reduced v Safety Council inadequate trac winter tangled December is the month of the year. This is the most night of the more travel during. Some of the worst snow stored. Two of the days, Christmas Eve are on the month, meaning celebrations which relaxation of had better length between your head, adjust air road and weather chains when windshields and snow ad ice out fog and frost in

"Between



IN AND ABOUT

Mrs. Ann Bartle end at Norway. Mary Ford, N. Toddy Hanscom the measles. Mr. and Mrs. and daughter, M. day for Michigan. Francis B. Boon Conn, was in to the interest of the Donna, Jean P. day to spend son parents, Mr. and left at Bangor. Miss Margaret student at Mrs. W. Mass, arrived home Christmas vacation. Mrs. Mae McCrout, and Kenneth week for Ormou where they have Mrs. Gary York Stanley Bush p. enine. Mrs. David Paris demonstrating Misses Ida Clou well, students at 1. ego, Troy, N. Y. to spend the ho home. Guests of Mrs. west week include Mrs. of Locke M. Noves, Miss Molly for David. son of Mr. and M. entered St. John's field, Mass. on De venty. He is exp for some time. Mr. and Mrs. A. and son Keith, left in Lowell, Mass. spending a week. Mr. and Mrs. Heri Bowdan is attend Textile Institute. Mr. and Mrs. Wari solving congratulat of a daughter. Pa Friday morning at Hospital at Berlin, land Annie in, and Make home.